# FIVE MINUTES A MILLIONAIRE

# Entry No. 59 in Our Prize Story Competition

THOUGH 'tis little the world suspeets it, there's near a most as many fairy enchantments in America as in the Gem o' the Ocean itself—and 'tis Brian O'Gaffeney is the lad can swear to that.

And Brian's was as quare a story, such:

surely, as ever happened out o' the Emerald Isle.

Brian, though he'd as good a wife, Kitty, as breathed the breath of Amer-Brian, though he'd as good a wife, Kitty, as breathed the breath of America, and as brave a son and winsome a daughter as ever stepped in American shocleather, and as trig and snug and warm a little home (a short ways from the Park) as you'd neet between here and there; and though he'd been (as he should) happy as a mouse in a mill since the day he married Kitty with good luck for her fortune, the divil (for it could be no other) set his mind workin' about millioneers the time Molly Carney's Johnny suddenly got the lump in the contractin' business, and paid a barrel o' money for a yacht to roll him round the world—as well as to Japan. Poor Brian! he moidhered his mind entirely thinkun' day an' night upon this, till mighty soon, from bein' the happiest mortal under Heaven, he became the miserablest divil crawlin' on two feet.

"I don't see," he'd complain, "what the Lord had ag'in' me, anyhow, that He wouldn't make a millioneer out o' me, same as Molly Carney's Johnny, or William D. Munibagges, the famous millioneer, or a dozen more who have a darned sight less right to the money!"

The poor man's peace o' mind went like snow in June, and when his wife Kitty tried to reison with him he that used to worship the ground she walked on cut her with a curse, and tould her he'd never again be happy till he was either a millioneer or a madman.

happy till he was either a millioneer or a madman.

And the more he figured to himself how he could command all the world's happiness, if the Lord should try him with only ten million itself, the more distracted he become. And when at last one lovely May Sunday, before he'd got over the temper that Kitty's askin' him to buy her a summer dress Saturday night laid sent him to bed in, he learnt that his handsome daughter. Peggy (who he had marked out to marry a million) wanted his blissin' to throw herself away on a boy of wanted his unissin to throw hersel away on a boy of the Corrigans who drove a truck, and that his son Tom was walkin' out a daughter of the O'Keefes, whose father back in Ireland kept only, two cows, he flew into a passion entirely. And him who in all his married years before had never raised his hand higher than his years before had never raised his hand higher than his voice, and whose voice was never heard over the threshold, swore he'd clean out the carrivansary,—wife, son, and daughter, bag, baggage, and belongin's! And when they'd scurried into mouse-holes, and he couldn't get a sinner, even, to answer him back, he clapped his hat on his head, and, cryin' out for the ten-thousandth time, "Why didn't the Lord make me William D. Munibagges?" tore out o' the house.

THERE'S a little rocky hillock that you may see any day in that shady corner of the Park contagious to Brian O'Gaffeney's home—a very pleasant, sunny knoll it is on a summer day, and one that would entize a man to come up and lie down and sleep (as many's the time it entized Brian till he brought the Park policenan on his track)—neighbors used to vow was surely a Fairy Knoll Brian now steered for, his heart full o' blackness. And cryin' out for the thousandth and oneth time, "Why didn't the Lord make me William D. Munibagges, anyhow?" flung himself face down on the fairy knoll, bemoanin' how woeful for a poor workin' man and vexations was the world that in his fool days (as he now called them) he thought was heaped with happiness.

and vexations was the world that in his fool days (as he now called them) he thought was heaped with happiness. And, lo and behold yel: he hadn't been long bemoanin' upon the knoll, when what would you have, but by some wonderful process, the workin's of which Brian himself can't yet rightly understand, he suddenly found himself seated in the grandest room of one of the gorgeousest mansions on Fif'ave, New York! And he wasn't Brian O'Gaffeney any longer, but William D. Munibagges, the famous millioneer! Like statues in every corner of the room were ranged a gang o' flunkies stuck over with so much goold that they looked like they'd greased themselves and taken a roll in the mint, all waitin' for his nod or wink to leap like jumpin' jacks. And there was a truckload of letters on the table beside him, with a steam letter opener operatin' them at a mile a minute.

the table beside him, with a steam letter opener operatin' them at a mile a minute.

Brian was so dazed for the first minute that he couldn't believe his senses he was railly William D. Munnibagges; but when his clerk handed him a goold fountain pen and a check for a million to sign, and he found himself as slick as slivers, writin' "William D. Munibagges" to the bottom of it, he put a hearty "Thanks be to Gol!" out of him; for he knew his wish had come true. While he was mighty proud of the natural millioneer style in which he wrote his name so that no one

Kitty Tore in, in a

Ranting Rage.

could read it, he wondered what in the read it, he wondered what in the mame of Lanty he was payin' away the million for, anyhow; but he daren't ax for fear to make the clerk suspicious. And, anyway, what did a miscriy million

matter to him?
Of a suddent, however, he found himself puttin' out of him a screech tha nigh tore a hole in the ceilin', and yellin'

nigh tore a hole in the ceilin', and yellin', "Crack the skull of the murderer who's drivin' a spike through me big toe!"

"Your Honor," says the head flunky, "that's your gout, you know."

"Gout!" says he. "Ye brazen lump of a lolster, will ye stand there and tell me to me face I've got the gout?"

"You know, your Honor," says the flunky, "it's been makin' your life miscrable for fifteen years gone."

"Oh, it has, has it?" says Brian, says he, his eves openin' to a new light.

ane for fitten years gone."

"Oh, it has, has it?" says Brian, says he, his eyes openin' to a new light.

"But," says the flunky, "with the help of the Lord and Dr. Donnelly, it'll not grow very much worse during the remainder of your natural life."

"Thankee for the consolation!" Brian snaps so share that the flunky thought

snaps so sharp that the flunky thought his nose was gone. And to smother the his nose was gone. And to smother the grief this news brought him, Brian remembered that he now had the best and dearest of all aitables and drinkables underneath the stars. So he was gettin' mighty pleased with himself again when he give the order, "Bring me in a haunch of venison fried in lard, a stuffed turkey, some nice rashers and eggs, a plate of pink for with cabbane a particle or a strength of the property of the prope

state more langues and eggs, a plate of pig's feet with cabbage, a porterhouse steak, a bottle of every kind of wine you've got in the icebox, and a box of the dearest George Henry cigars. The line of flunkies, like a rijiment of tin men workin' on strings, all together threw up their hands in horror,

a look on their faces like someone stole their last shirt, and the head beetler of them, bowin' till his three ends met, said, "We're mighty sorry, but your Honor knows that on your gout's account you mustn't look on liquor

that on your gout's account you mustn't look on liquor for five years. And a cigar you daren't touch because of your insomny! Me insomny! What the divil do you mane, Sir?" Brim yelled, lookin' round for somethin' to throw at him.

"Why, you know, Sir, better than me," says the flunky, "that three hours a week is the most you've slept in ten years. But, with good care and no tibbachy, the doctor thinks, five years from now we'll have ye sleepin' like a top at least three-quarters of an hour every night."

skepin' like a top at least three quarters of an hour every night."

"Jumpin' jiminity!" says Brian. And he snaps,
"Then bring me the venison, turkey, rashers, and eggs, and pig's feet and cabbage! I'll try the best I can to make a light lunch upon the snacks."

But the scounded of a flunky just shook his head. He said.
"Your indi-

gestion, you know, doesn't let you cat any kind of meat any more. Cabbage is poison, with your liver in the state it is. And I'd be tried for me life if I gave ye anything in the shape of an egg. If you railly feel bun-gry, I'm allowed to get you some skim-med milk with lime water, and, at my own risk, an on-ion pickle on the

side."
The fellow had raison to thank Heaven he had no Heaven he had no rheumatiz in his joints when he jumped to dodge the stool Brianshied at him. And Brian was lookin around for some other convenient remarks to venient remarks to hand out to the villain, when the voice of his clerk spokeupfromsomewhere letters: among the

"If you'll give me a few minutes of your time, Sir," says he, "there's some communications here that needs your attention."
"Cheeks?" says

# BY SEUMAS MACMANUS

Brian, says he, lookin' to see where was the elerk's

"No, Sir," says the clerk; "but there's two ton o' letters from chantable societies requestin' sums that, this mornin,' only total ninety-nine million three hundred and forty-seven thousand six hundred and thirteen dellars and forty events."

dollars and forty cents."
"Bad luck to them!" says Brian, with all his heart.
"Them charitable societies are the barefacedest robbers

"Them charitable societies are the barefacedest robbers on the world's ridge! Send them somethin' to get my name in the propers, though."

"How much!" says the clerk.

"Forty cents," says Brian. And then he says aloud to himself, "That makes ninety-nine million saved at one stroke. Not a bad mornin's work." And he was feelin' good again. "Is that my photographt," says he, "that I see on the front page of the momin's paper beyond you?"

"It is," says the clerk. "I wanted to tell you about that."

that.

"Let me see it," says Brian, very proud and smilin'.

"Them newspaper chaps are daicent fellows. Send them a dollar to get a drink."

"I wanted to tell you," says the clerk, snappin' the paper from him, "that the rascds put in your photographt as the man who squeezed out of business a poor widow woman in Pennsylvany, who was strugglin' to raise a large family of small childer, two of whom died yesterday of starvation. 'Robber' and 'Murdherer' are the aisiest names they call ye." "Send the scoundrels a writ!" roars Brian as the gout in his toe made him bounce like a rubber ball, yellin', "Holy Murther!"

"If you try that," says the clerk, "they'll never rest

"Holy Murther!"

"If you try that," says the clerk, "they'll never rest till they rake up a rijiment of wilows out of whose mouths and the mouths of their helpless childer you've stolen the bite and sup."

"Ye liel" says Brian. "I never in all my life stole bite or sup from widow or child."

"Of course," says the clerk, says he, "it wasn't stealin': 'twas in the interests of trade. But," says he, "we'd better get ahead with the mail. Here's a warnin' from an armychist with the skull and crossbones on it, and one from the Black Hand requistin' a hundred thousand dollars within twenty-four hours."

thousand dollars within twenty-four hours."
"I'm ruinated out an' out!" wails Brian,
"And givin' minute descriptions where it is to be put," "And givin' minute descriptions where it is to be put," systhe clerk. "A man from loway writes to say that if you don't send him twenty-five thousand by return mail, he'll give the papers full particulars of how your great-grandnucle stole a dollar from a blind beggar. Another letter is to tell you that the treasurer of the Consolidated Punkin Pie Company, which you chiefly own, has gone to Canada with the cash. And this here is a letter sayin' that the Hoboken Grand National Trust Company, which you lent a quarter of a million to three months ago, has busted; but they're sure they can pay seven cents on the dollar, possibly eight."

"Any more joyous intill'gence?" says Brian with a groan that would rend a rock.

groan that would rend a rock.

But the clerk was choked off instantly by William D.



"At My Own Risk I Can Get You an Onion Pickle."

Munibagges' confidential adviser come tearin' in to announce that the stock they had put a million into, week before last, in behopes of makin' a fortune, had gone to smithereens entirely, but they could get fifty dollars for the outfit, if he sold quickly. He was mighty sorry, too, to inform Brian that the ten thousand workers in their hook and eye factory had struck for double wages, half-hours, and a free hinch.

"Tell the blackguards," shouted Brian, "to go to Fiddler's Green, nineteen miles beyond a' hotter place!"

Fiddler's Green, nucteen times beyond a motor-place!"
"No, not" says the other, "We've got to give them everything they ax, otherwise we'll not only lose our fitty million contract for hooks and eyes for the Jap Army, Int likewise have to forfeit half of all you're worth in the world, for breach of contract."
"Tis glad tidin's you like to bring," says Brian, speakin' with the sweetners of a stripint. "Come again, and come often!"
Only the bad news had one advantage, anyhow. It

Only the bad news had one advantage, anyhow. It mightly relieved the sufferin' in his toe, by liftin' the weight o' the pain to his heart.

A ND when the confidential man, divin' out o' the room, had his stomach rammed by Mr. Munibagges' private havyer flyin' in, Brian from the bottom of his heart prayed the divil's good cure to him.

"Mr. Munibagges," says the lawyer, spittin' pieces

the confidential man's waistcoat out of his mouth,

"Tve a piece of delightful news for ye."

"Thanks be to Heaven!" says Brian, says he, dhrawin' a sigh of relief. "Rowl it out," says he.

"That customs case ag'in' your wife," says the law-yer, "for tryin' to smuggle in a hundred thousand dolyer, "for tryin' to smnggle in a hundred thousand dollars worth of dresses and jew'lry, can be squared without her spendin' one hour in jail, by payin' two hundred and fifty thousand, and forfeitin' the goods, which I

and fifty thousand, and forfeitin' the goods, which I consider dirt cheap.

Poor Brian just put a heart-meltin' mean out o' him. His speeches had left him.

"And the newspapers promise," says the lawyer, "to stop printin' her picture and yours under the title of 'High Tariff Evangelists' if we buy a page advertisement in every Sunday issue for five years, and become life subscribers at/millioneer rates—which of course we'll be delighted to do."

"Delighted, to be sure," says Brian, with a tongue

"Delighted, to be sure," says Brian, with a tongue

that would turn cream.

"To be sure, yes," says the lawyer: "we can't afford to have the papers ag'in' us at this critical time, when, as maybe yon haven't yet heard—"

"Don't hide it from me," says Brian, "if it's us good

as the rest.

"As maybe you haven't heard," went on the lawyer,
"the Crowner's jury who were locked up all night on the
Golden Age Factory Fire Inquiry, this mornin' returned

a verdict of wilful murder ag'in' you as the most prominent of the company—though you only own twenty-five dollars' worth of shares that you took over three weeks ago in lieu of a bad debt. They found it was your bounden duty to have widened all the staircases

was your bounden duty to have widened all the staircases three feet, put on forty iron doors openin' out, and provided five new fire escapes."

Brian's head, when he heard this, was like a hedgehog. "Will they hang me for it?" he wailed.

"There," says the lawyer, "thank Heaven we have the foreway of them! By great good luck two charges of manslaughter on behalf of the last two childer your chauffenr killed were preferred ag'in' you yesterday; so we have the right to object to the murther trial till you have first served your sentence for the manslaughter. By that time the murder men'll be so tired waith' that they'll only be too glad to take a plea of guilty of that they'll only be too glad to take a plea of guilty of number in the fourth degree and let you off on a tenyear sentence.

"Thanks be to Heaven!" says Brian from the soles of

BY RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN

#### IDEAL MAN THE

## Entry No. 60 in Our Prize Story Competition

August 17.
HEN I found Marcia standing be fore the looking glass this morning, I confess I was a good dead surprised. The point is that she had no particular reason for looking in it; she was not prised. The point is that she had not particular reason for looking in it: she was not fixing her collar, or seeing whether there was smut on her nose from the kitchen stove, or doing and of the other things that a mirror is tor. She was just looking, as a person does when he doy which of course I mean she is worrying about wrinkes, and how old people think she is, and whether life has anything in store for her. Twilight is the time when you most want a mirror in this way; but you can't see so well then, and Marcia is practical. She is eight years older than I so perhaps it is not stronge that she should begin to look for wrinkles; but she never has before, that I know of. We were left alone so early in our lives—except for Uncle Philip, who of course doesn't count very much—that she has always taken care of me and of the housekeeping, and such things seemed to satisfy her; while I

count very much—that she has always taken care of me and of the housekeeping, and such things seemed to satisfy her; while I have had almost nothing to do except go to school, and of course help with my own dresses and with easy parts of the housework. Most of the time I have done as I liked, and had beaus like other girls, and put up my hair in a different style every two weeks; but Marcia never has.

So I began to wonder; and the most probable explanation was Henry Parmenter, especially as he was here only list night. He has spent a good many of his evenings on our veranda this summer; but for a long time I thought of it only as a good way to cool off; for we have a very comfortable porch, and Marcia's grapejnice, with chipped ice in it, is about as good as anything you could wish for on a hot night. Now that I think back, it does seem that Henry has come oftener than this would account for; for instance, on one or two chilly evenings when we had to go into the sitting room to be quite comfortable. But, as far as that goes, he has always claimed to feel especially friendly to us, ever since he came here last spring and hought old Mr. Ainslee's stationery and book store. He says it is because we were his first patrons, the day he took charge. It was really I, and I shall always remember it, because we had rather a quieer conversation for a first one. It was an errand of Marcia's that I went in for. She wanted a copy of "The Household Dictionary," which has everything in that you want to know, arranged alphabetically,—Asbestos, Baking, Canning, Disin-

wanted a copy of "The Household Dictionary," which has everything in that you want to know, arranged alphabetically,—Asbestos, Baking, Canning, Disinfecting, Embroidery Stitches, and so on. Mr. Ainslee had often urged her to buy it; but she had just made up her mind. Henry Parmenter couldn't find it for sometime, and when he did he said:

"That sort of book isn't much in my line."

And I said, "Nor mine either. It's my sister who wants it."

wants it.

wants it."

"And what is your line of books?" he asked.

"Well, I'm afraid I'm not what you would eall a book person," I said. "It will be stationery that you'll have to try to sell me. The books I like best are about outdoors, and even then it's always a question whether the real thing isn't better than reading about it."

"Did you ever try "The Bible in Spain'?" he said. "No, indeed," said I. "I never heard of it. That surely isn't an out of doors book."

"Well, not a nature study book, if that is what you mean," he said: "but most of the things in it happen out of doors. I wish you would take this copy along, and try it. You don't need to buy it, and it doesn't



"Did You Ever Try 'The Bible in Spain'?" He Asked.

matter if it gets a little worn in your hands. I'm going to try to start a little circulating library here, and this is the first thing on my list."

So of course I couldn't well refuse, and he wrapped up the book with "The Household Dictionary." That was our first unceting: though we had been introduced at Mrs. Gilman's the very day after he arrived in town. Three or four days later—that is, after I had been in the store—I was working in the garden when he came by; and he stopped and asked me if it was my sister that he saw on the porch, and if so would I mind presenting him, as he would like to inquire about "The Household Dictionary," whether she found it satisfactory. He said he might have inquiries for books of that sort, and always liked to know what to recommend. I invited him in—and meantime was frightened to death because he might have inquiries for books of that sort, and al-ways liked to know what to recommend. I invited him in, and meantime was frightened to death because I thought he would ask me every minute about 'The Bible in Spain,' in which I hadn't yet read a word. But no; he never mentioned it, nor paid much atten-tion to me either, but had quite a long talk with Marcia about the dictionary, and the cherries she was putting up, and the best kind of cans to use for them. By the time he left Marcia had decided that he was an unusually intelligent young man; how young, nobody could pos-

time he left Marcia had decided that he was an unusually intelligent young man; how young, nobody could possibly tell; for he has one of those smooth grayish faces that look just the same from twenty-five to lifty, and no one here seems to know anything of his past life. This is a good deal to write about Henry Parmenter, when I am not yet at all certain that he is the cause of the change in Marcia. There is a change; I can't be mistaken in that. But there is something else to account for it; that is "The Domestic Monthly." Marcia subscribed for it the first of the year, and it has had a real influence on her character. At first I was glad, for it always seemed to me that she must need something to interest her besides housework, and "The Monthly has a great deal to say about broadening and deepening one's life in many different directions; but lately I have been afraid it would make her discontented, and this looking glass incident seems to show that I may be

right. If I am, I don't know how we shall get on; for up to this time I have had all the sentiment in the family, and Marcia all the practical, good sense. It would be rather hard to rearrange things on a different lasis.

September 11.

September II.

IT is certainly true, as I was beginning to think when I wrote that hast page, three weeks ago, that Marcia is changing. The chinax came this morning, when she altered her hair. She has always worn it in the same way, ever since I can remember, parted in the middle and drawn back to a simple coil behind. Oh, sometimes she would distant the recitive of the side would distant the recitive of the side. simple coil behind. Oh, sometimes she would change the position of the coil a fittle, so as not to look really queer, but not with any real interest in the new styles such as most of us had. This morning it was plain that she had had it up in papers, and the front was puffed into what you might almost call a pompadour. I gave one look, and gasped, "Why, Marcial" "Well?" she said, and I could see that she felt embarrassed. "Does it look as bad as that?"
"Oh, no," said I. "It looks yery nice."

"Oh, no," said I, "It looks very nice, But for you, Marcia—it doesn't seem readly

She was a little hurt. "Why shouldn't I look nice, as well as anybody, Caroline? I am really not so very old yet. "Why, of course not, Dear," I said; "but

"Why, of course not, Dear," I said; "but you know—"

"Yes, I know. I have looked just the same, and done just the same things, day after day and year after year, and never thought there was anything else to live for; but now I have discovered that there is. You need not be frightened, Caroline. I am not going to give up washing dishes and sweeping; but I am going to try to open my soul to all the beauty in the world, and a little more attention to appearance may help me. You have always done so more than I have, and don't need to make any such resolutions."

I was somewhat relieved by this; for at first I had not known whether Marcia would have something to tell me alout Henry Parmenter or "The Domestic Monthly"; and now I felt sure it was the latter, for that sentence about "opening the soul to all the beauty in the world" sounded just like "The Monthly," and not at all like Henry. As for him, I think Marcia cannot be so much interested in him as she seemed at first. And I think I am glad; for, while he is a very nice man, he is just a little too superior for a brother in law. I find myself asking what he would say about anything I feel like doing, as I certamly never have with any of the other young men in Bridgewater; and I don't quite like. like doing as I certainly never have with any of the other yoing men in Bridgewater; and I don't quite like it. But he, poor fellow, seems quite as much interested in Marcia. And he has had bad lick lately; for once he called when Marcia was out, and there was only I to talk to, and once she was up to her elbows cunning peaches, and would not come out of the kitchen, though I offered to take her place. On that last evening, when all other subjects had given out, we had to fall back on "The Bible in Spain," and I could admit to having read a little of it and liking it—some.
"But I don't really think I shall finish it," I said; "for it is pretty long, and doesn't go straight ahead so that you have any chance to get excited. So, if you want to circulate it, you had better take it back without waiting

irculate it, you had better take it back without waiting

for me."
"Then you are not exactly a Borrovian," he said, with one of his queer smiles. (I don't know whether I

spell the word right or not.)
"A what?" I said, and then remembered that it

# FIVE MINUTES A MILLIONAIRE

lawyer good mornin', go to the divil, or any other usual civility, as he left.

DOCTOR, doctor, darlin'," Dec TOR, doctor, darlin'," says Brian, says he, when his speech returned to him, "I'm glad you've come! It you banish this pain that's worse ten thousand times than purgatory out of my big toe, ye can name any fee your conscience'll countenance, not exceedin' your own weight in godd."

The doctor he shook his head. "Mr. Munibagges," says he, "if I was blissed with the gift, never yet known to mortal man, of curin' the gout, even the fat man's weight in goold at the time museum wouldn't give me one-tenth as much delight as would the relievin' a poor tortured human of the agonies you, poor divil, have suffered for fifteen years gone—and, unfortunately, unst suffer for the remainder of your natural

saffer for the remainded.

life."

Brian, at this news, let a woeful streech cut o' him. And "Wurra, wurra, wurra! says he, wringin' his hands. "Can nothin' be done for me at all, at all?"

"Oh, yes, yes," says the doctor, says he, yery reasurin, "a great deal can be done. I'm delighted to say, to relieve your other examplaints."

complaints." Proc Brian's groun, when he heard this, would tear a hole through a handwood door, "What, in the name of Heaven, do you mean?" says he, "I mean," says the doctor, says he, "that exceptin' for your liver, which is of rourse pest curn', and your disaised heart, which I daren't tinker with any more, on my peril daren't tinker with any more, on my perd daren't tinker with any more, on my perd and yours. I feel certain that after your appendix is removed, if you survive the operation, which is quite possible, you're likely to live the remainder of your life; on condition, however, that you walk ten mile on the cupty stomach every mornin', take cleven gooseberries for breakfast, go without lum h, and eat no dinner, and drink seven uparts of whey between meals, and three quarters of a bottle of codiver oil for a nighteap, and never book at observe more. Then, says he, "providin' your heart holds out, and your liver acts like a gentleman, you'll be the sannlest and healthiest millioner outside a sanatorum. A thousand dollars," says the "And good mornin'," says he when he got it, "And good mornin'," says he when he got it,

"And good mornin," says he when he got it, "and I hope you'll have a glad and joy some

DOR Brian was puttin' out of him a moan that would melt the heart of a whinstone rock, when his wile Kitty, so plastered with new'lry that he couldn't see more than her nose at one time, tore in, in a rantin' rage, and went whirlin' round the room like a red Imlian.

"Kitty, Kitty, asthore," says Brian, says he, "what's come over ye at all, at all?"

"I have put my case," says she, "in the hands of a havyer."

"What case, Kitty achree?" says he, in mighty wonderment.

"For separation and seven hundred thousand alimony," says she, "It isn't once, and it isn't fifty times alone, says she, "to each and it isn't fifty times alone, says she, "to edd food is ever an' always the worst fool."

"Kitty! Kitty! Kitty! says Brian, says he, "Is it take leave of your senses ye have done? What are ye ravin' about chorus girls?"

"I'll let ye know that in the divorce court,"

ilone? What are ye ravin' about chorus girls?"
"I'll let ye know that in the divorce court," says she, "I have every particular of your goin's on,—day and dite, chapture and verse for each, lunches and dinners, suppers and automoleiles, with the rhorus hussies, and a yard high of love letters smellin' like an explision in a scent factory. The papers," says she, "Il make fine readin' for the townscore mornin' soon. One'd think, "says she, "that an old bald ruin like you, with one foot in the grave and the other only half out of it, would be makin' your soul, instead of such scandabus goin's on. Tis little wonder, says she, "that the divil's torturin' the soul out o' you with the gout here,—a very small carriest of the preparation he's preparin' for you hereafter.

"Kitty, Kitty o' me heart," Brian pleaded with her "what's come over ye, anybow—

"Pity look down on me!" says he. "Isn't it the sad case I am entirely?"

"There's nothing so bad, Sir," says the head flunky, says he, bowin' and tryin' to comfort him, "flot it might be a humired times worse. Here's a tilligram," says he, "from your son Tom, to say he's nurried a showrif!

"Your son Ton, sure enough," says the flunky. "He's wired from Philadelphy, askin' your blissin'."

"And there's a policentan just come to the door," says another flunky, "to report that your thaughter's rim away with the new

your daughter's rim away with the new chanffeit. He gout, bad as it was, couldn't keep him from jumpin' on his feet, and chasin' his tail like a crazy one round and round the room, makin' a scatteration on everything and everybody come in his way, tryin' to tear the hair that should be on his head but wasn't, and cryin' out, "Kitty, me heart, wantin' alimony to kaive me! Tom gone off with a showgir!! And Peggy rim away with a hoodlum! Ochone, or hone for the happy days, forever gone, when we were blissed with poverty!"

A RUCTION that rose in Fif'-ave, with A RUCTION that rose in Fit'ave, withment, that instant drew his attention, and, dashin' to the window refind the cause, lo and behold ye, what did he witness, but his old self, Brian O'Gaffeney, in his old suit of lalorin' clothes, mounted on the tail end of a wagon in front of the unanston, in the middle of a mole of socialists and armychists, denouncin' all mills oneers, and William D. Mimilagges first and foremost among them, and encouragin' the riotous mole to smash into his house, and divide the wealth they d into his house, and divide the wealth they'd

A rear went up that should rattle the stars from that riotons mob the minute they heheld him at the window. But, for fear Brian O'Gaffeney would get away, he raised his voice above the roar and yelled, "A hundred thousand dollars to the arraychist who holds that red headed chap on the tail end of the wagon till I get into him; for he's me by rights, and I am not meself at all!"

But that instant, seein an arraychist, who looked as if he washol his fare every Christmas, raisin a bomb to hard at him, he screeched like a pooks, and furned tail to run. He was too late, though; for the homb hit him a polthogue behind that made him bawl like a bull and bounce fifteen yards into the air. A roar went up that should rattle the

And when he flopped down, feelin' in his

And when he flopped down, feelin' in his soul that he was surely a dead man, it dumbfoundhered him to hear a voice above him swearin', "Bad lack to ye, ye spris-sawn! Sleepin' on the park grass ag'in, and yellin' like a rhinoceros! By me faith, you'll foot it to the rourt this time!"

And Brian, sittin' up with a lerk, and findin' himself in his own shape sittin' on the Fairy Knoll with Park Policeman McGark ragin' above him, and raisin' his foot to give him another kick in the same place, went near a'must crazy with joy. And McGark thought it was defyin' himself and the law he was, when Brian from the bottom of his heart said, "Any sentence ye get me, short o' hangin', "Il be joy eternal. Imprisonment for life," says he, "Il be like a holiday at Coney!"

He could only find nineteen cents in his picket; but he mollified McGurk with that.
"Autl," says he, "I wish to Heaven it was
nincteen thousand! And in troth," says he,
"If you'd have come on the scene five minutes sooner. I could a given you that as aisy as kiss me hand."

WHEN Brian, as happy as a hare in har-yest, reached his own snug little home WHEN Brian, as happy as a hare in harvest, reached his own snug little home, he found ready for him a meal that would water the mouth of a dead man; for the mate of Kitty as a cook wasn't to be met with in many a mile. And Brian seated Kitty to one side of him at the table, and Peggy to the other, and his brave son Tom forminst him, and to the family's, flabbergastin' he sayed a grace that was as long as a high mass. And "Kitty," says he, as they ate dinner, "go down town tomorrow mornin' and buy yourself a pair of the best and dearrest dresses that money can purchase; for a faithful wife you've been to me, and surh rare quality should be rewarded. You'd better take Peggy with you," says he, "and buy her a weddlin' dress. Let it be a gorgeous one," says he, "that'll do credit to the dairent boy in her own sp'ere of life that she's goin' to marry. Mike Corrigan is a credit to all truckmen," says he. carriest of the preparation response to the preparation of the real first with her, "what's come over ye, anyhow—for to even mention such goin's on to your own husband who's been faithful as the flooditide to you for forty years?"

But Kitty, in a blaze o' wrath, had swept cut o' the room, with the salute that she'd never spend another night under his roof. And Brian, in the pain that took hold of his heart for thinkin' what had rome over Kitty, who'd been the light of his life, near a most forgot his gout altogether, for five minutes.

"And, Tom," says Brian, says he, across



#### Generations of Undated Three Faces

Alas for the woman whose face is dated! When she's 30 they say she's 40. When she's 40 they say she's 55. Thus is a woman unfairly dated.

Thus does a harsh world add 10 or 15 years to the woman with a dated face. Thus is a woman's power and influence lessened because she neglected to preserve her treat bill belief.

Youthful beauty lingers longest in faces faithfully mas-

# **POMPEIAN**

# Massage Cream

Here's a beauty first for preventing those tell-tale syps which date a woman's face so unfairly.

Ordinarily Pompeian is applied to the muistened face, but follow this method just before appearing in public, when see nils count: Apply a pinch of Pompeian to each unaxistened check. Massage visiorously. In a few seconds out of the pores rolls the cream, darkened and dirt-laden. Skin health is now possible.

Result? You are astonished. The old,

sallow, lifeless skin becomes clear, fresh and youthful. The tirel lines begin to disappear. Your cheeks assume a youthful glow. You look years younger.

In a million families Pompeian Massage Cream is making it vastly easier to have three generations of undated faces. Yes, use Pompeian Cream and go through life with a face undated. At all dealers', but be sure you get Pompeian, the original massage cream, 50c, 75c and \$t.

Trial Jar and Art Picture

both sent for 10c (stamps or coin) for postage and packing. For years you have heard of Pompcian's ments and lenefits. To get you to act now we will send a "Pompcian Beauty" Art Picture, in exquisite colors, with each trial jar. This is a rare offer. The "Pompcian Beauty" which we will send you is very expensive and immensely popular. Clip coupon now.







# The Science of Money Making

Are you able to instantly solve the daily problems that confront the man of business? Do others recognize in you sufficient business acumen to entrust you with responsibility— their capital and confidence, or are you "grind-ing" as an under-paid office, bank, store, shop, or factory employee; a small retailer, manu-lacturer or man who has "reached his limit?"

To meet the national demand for a business To meet the national demand for a business science course that will within a short time train a man in the Science of Money Making, the College of Investments was founded—it is a business man's University. Similar courses, no doubt, will soon be established at Harvard, Yale and Princeton.

In this age of strenuous competition men who hope to acquire success must understand the science of business—the Science of Money Making.

Making. There has been woven into this remarkable course the mature expenence of hard-braded, successful business men, who have consumed years of their life in gaining their expenience. The course contains all the vital exemblas for mortey making in almost any line of business. It covers thousands of points systematically taught, arranged in a clear-aghted manner for the student throughout a term of fourteen months, which may be taken at the College of lavestments or by mail, at a cost of \$5,000 a month for twelve months—or \$60,000 for the complete course.

Write tedgas and state whether you are concluded.

for the complete course.

Write today and state whether you are employed or employed. Set out your problems and state your ambitions. The course will be specially selected to fix your needs and applied personally in oour case. Men who are executives themelves so these courses will find make an executive out a my beathly man, building his binness character from the ground up. It will bring pour success. Write today for the unspiring, comprehensive therature of the College of Investments.

COLLEGE OF INVESTMENTS Parkway Building (Fifth Floor) Philadelphia



PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

# WAN SAFETY **FOUNTPENS**

will not LEAK, no matter in what pos-tion they are carried. Carry a "SWA: FETY" in your pocket, Dag, purse, or an it it will not leak. For ladies' use the "Swan perfect pen because it will not soil the finger ways ready to write can all not soil the finger bag in any position without fear of leaking. ers and jewelers, price \$2.50 and up. Write for illustrated price list.

MABIE, TODD & CO.

17 Mailes Lass, New York 209 Sa. Sate St., Chicage
Toronto, London, Paris, Sidney

Scotch Style Calabash Pipes Price 50c each or 3 for \$1, postparid Why kill yourself by smoking a six You can get a Sceich Calabash that absorbs all aicobine and poisons and ensures a cool, sweet smoke. Money back if you are not satisfied. Slamps taken. THE ROYAL PIPE CO.,

the table to his son, "you ought to hire a rig for my part," says he, "I'll swear never to go at Martin O'Leary's livery and give that within fields of any show where they keep sweet little O'Keefe girl an evenin's outin' that'll do her heart good. I'm thinkin', Tom, But he went past their comprehension althat'll do her heart good. I'm thinkin', Tom, if you want a good wife, you might aisy go farther and farc worse than choose Elly O'Keefe. Her people's well come home, says he. "A daucenter man than her grandfather never entered a fair in Fermoy."

If all this surprised them, it was dumbfoundered out an' out his wife was when he squeezed her hand underneath the talle and whispered to her, "Kitty dear, promise you'll never laive me, nor look for alimony. And

But he went past their comprehension altogether when, at the dinner's close, he prayed, hy way of grace, "Thanks be to God for makin' us all poor, and happy, and hard-

# NATURAL SUFFRAGETTES

BY ETHEL COLSON

behalf of their cherished theories that feminine leadership is "old as the hills and quite as natural," are now receiving unex-pected confirmation and support. No longer need they depend alone upon Deborah of Israel, the Greek Amazons, and that far famed Polynesian tribe in which the women rule with such signal success, for illustrative examples. From strange and distant regions of the earth, as from all the living kingdoms

of the earth, as from all the living kingdoms thereof,—bird, beast, and insect,—come tidings of gynecratic governments, remarkable as effective, at once wide reaching and unique. Ernest Thompson-Seton, for instance, in his wonderful new work, "Life Histories of Northern Animals," is authority for the statement that there are successful suffragettes among the elk of the Wapiti herd.

"The individual in that herd," says the distinguished naturalist, "who can impress on the others that he is the wise one, the safe one to follow, eventually becomes the leader. Numberless observations show that this wise one is not the big bull but almost invariably an elderly female. She is the one that has impressed the others with the idea that she is safe to follow,—that she will lead that has impressed the others with the idea that she is safe to follow,—that she will lead them into no foot traps; that she knows the best pastures and the best ways to them; that she has learned the salt licks and the watering places that are safe and open to all around; that her eyes and ears are keen; and that she will take good care of herself and incidentally of the band. This female leadership, "he says further, "is common to almost if not all horned ruminants."

The same authority declares, moreover, that not only suffragism but occasional celibacy is a recognized institution among the high wild animals. "Old maids" and "edd bachelors" he finds quite common; the "old bachelors" he finds quite common; the "old bachelors" is set apart by her "fine condition" no less than by her freedom from maternal cares.

Suffrage Among the Ants

### Suffrage Among the Ants

AMONG the ants, acknowledged the wisest and nost progressive of insects, feminine government has always prevailed. Henry C, McCook, who probably knows more about ants than anyone else in the world, says that ants than anyone else in the word, says that all ant governments are gynarchies, the rulers and workers alike belonging to the "petitional persuasion"; the masculine ants apparently being regarded as mere curled and scented darlings, supported by the admiring females in idleness and luxury. The eminent myr-mecologist, whose cannet classic, "Ant Communities," makes the tiny, industrious ant seem indeed a marvelous creature, finds

ant seem indeed a marvelous creature, finds that no civilizations, human or animal, are so well governed as those whose study the "Wisest Man" recommended to his son.

Ants, says Mr. McCook, form vast nations, which may be regarded as powerful confederacies and empires. They maintain standing armies, police forces, and other protective organizations. They are expertengineers, horticulturists, and farmers, fencing in and milking large flocks of the green aphis, famous for the precions honey dew. They not only stand ready at all times and seasons to protect their own, but frequently seasons to protect their own, but frequently carry the war into the enemies' country with a vengeance, not to say with Napoleonic ingenuity and eleverness. And all this wonderful work is carried on by woman ants, wonderful work is carried on by woman ants, working under the direction of woman leaders, the only blot upon the escutcheon of the formican suffragist being her humanlike inability to cope with the problem of domestic service. Because of this inability, the ant armies raid neighboring ant kingdoms, carry off large numbers of prisoners, and retain them in perpetual bondage. It is not known, however, whether these slaves are ill or well treated, nor by what methods they are kept from showing fight.

# Mosquitos Are Up to Date

A NOTHER highly successful suffragist of the discarded marital partner really should the insect world is the feminine mosquito. She is so "advanced," indeed, that father's keeping; failing such perfection of

THOSE devoted suffragettes who claim in she has long reserved to herself the privilege she has long reserved to herself the privilege of making marriage proposals, the persistent "song" so often and sadly noticed by suffering humans being the love chant by means of which the tiny amorous creature publishes her willingness to be wedded. Lately studious scientists have noticed a new and annazing mosquito phenomenon. Mosquitos sting as much and sharply as every but, whether because vocal love has gone out of fashion in mosquitodom, or because the mosquito suffragists have decided to marry no nore until allowed a more active marry no more until allowed a more active share in mosquito government, they have almost ceased to sin

#### Peathered Militanta

A MONG feathered folk may be found various interesting examples of femi-nine recognition and equality of the sexes. Father and Mother Ostrich take turns in the nest and with the subsequent parental du-ties. Herr Stork, as is fitting for a gentle-man so intimately associated with babies, performs a certain share of nursery and home-making work. But it has remained for the trim and diminutive phalarope to for the trim and diminutive phalarope to carry the note of feminine independence to the highest known pitch. Agnes Deans Cameron, a clever and courageous Canadian woman who not long since penetrated into far arctic regions, discovered in distant Alaska an attractive "long-legged wader," not peculiar to the Fond du Lac shores, whom she justly describes as "the militant suffragette of all birdlom."

"Madame Phalarope," says Miss Cameron, "lays her own eggs (this depositary act scarcely could be done by proxy); but in this culminates and terminates all her responsibilities, matrimonial and maternal—

sponsibilities, matrimonial and maternal— this, no more. Father Phalarope builds the house, the one henpecked husband of all the feathered families who does. He alone incubates the eggs, and when the little Phalaropes are ushered into the vale it is Papa who tucks their bibs under their chins, Papa who tucks their bibs under their clinis, and teaches them to peep their morning grace and to eat nicely. Mama, meanwhile, and contrary to all laws of the game, wears the brilliant plumage. When evening shadows fall where rolls the Athabasea, she struts long-leggedly with other female Phalaropes, and together they discuss the upward struggles toward freedom of their unfeathered proportyres." prototypes.

### Chippewyan Women Are Bosses

ONE of these "unfeathered" creatures, oddly enough, is the Chippewyan Indian wife and mother, whom the amused Miss Cameron regards as the "New Red

Miss Cameron regards as the "New Red Woman."

"We see in her the essential head of the household. No fur is sold to the trader, no yard or pound of goods bought, without her expressed consent. Indeed, the traders refuse to make a bargain of any kind with a Chippewyan man without the active approbation of the wife. When a Chippewyan family moves camp, it is Mrs. Chippewyan who directs the line of march."

Unhappy marriages are said to be rare

who directs the line of march.

Unhappy marriages are said to be rare among the Chippewyuns; but when they do occur the children are by unwritten law conceded to belong wholly to the wife, while in case of separation the husband is expected to "play the game" manfully, and to the bitter cud. Should Mrs. Chippewyan decide to return to the home of her girlhood, Mr. Chippewyan, according to the etiquette of the tribe, must not only refrain from attempting to restrain her, but must in all ways possible render smooth and easy her returning path.

ways possible render smooth and easy her returning path.

In a comparatively recent instance a Chippewyan brave had a narrow escape from death at the hands of his indignant peers because, when his wife left him, he bade her walk north with her children while he drove the sledge in an opposite direction. Tribal feeling was strongly to the effect that the disearded marital partner really should have seen his former sweetheart safely to her father's keepings failing such perfection of



FRENCH CURL MUMES We have established a specific wide to the special \$1.103 control of the special \$1.103 control of the special \$1.000 control of the speci Smal 25s to cover express charges and we will ship any of above C.O.D. for free express charges and we will ship any of above C.O.D. for free expressed that purchase price and II for any reason you are not satisfied. Send for free catalog of French or Willow Plumes, Ostrich Bands, Aigratica and get a complete \$25.00 course in Millimery, Dring, etc., Cleaning, Cutung, etc. South African Importing Co.
11 Wabash Ave. Dapt. 367, CHICAGO





Mixed with water Calox forms peroxide of ydrogen, the only known substance that will whiten the teeth without injury.

Dentitis advise its use. Physician prescribe it.

All Druggists, 25 cents.

Summle and Issuelli, tree on request

McKESSON & ROBBINS, NEW YORK





Descriptive catalog with attractive prices mailed free upon request. Either shyle of pins here fillustrated with any three letters and figures, one or two colors of enamed. between the state of the state



SecureD OR FEE RETURNED
Send sketch for free search of Datent Office Records. Days to think as Palest and Wal is largest with life if all layest discuss using prices odject for fine intensis send inc. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Weshington, D. C.

One Inventor gets rich; mother gets nothing. New 128 p. book
Patent Fortune in Vial Advice, Grast Value and
refers About Prizes, Rewards, Etc. bortune Making Inventions
Past and Fourte Mailet for 30 cents postage.
Publishers Patent Sonse, Dept. 44, Barrister Bidg., Washington, D. C.

All contributions to the Magazine Section should be addressed to the Editor THE ASSOCIATED SUNDAY MAGAZINES Fifty-two East Nineteenth Street New York City